



ed in 1841, when the judges were excluded from the Council. From that time the Chief Justice grew in favour with the people at large. The hard feeling which had been excited against him died away, and by the impartial, careful, and laborious discharge of his duties upon the bench, he earned the respect of all, even of his most embittered opponents; and when in the year 1854 Her Majesty was pleased to confer upon him a baronetcy, the honor was recognized by a majority as well deserved. Last year his increasing years and infirmities having rendered him unable to discharge the onerous duties required of the Chief Justice of the Queen, the President of the Court of Appeals. Upon his retirement from a position which he had held for thirty-three years, the members of the Upper Canadian Bar—most of whom have grown up around him—testified the respect they felt for him by presenting the most magnificent banquet ever given to a subject in this Province.

The great experience gained by Sir John B. Robinson during his long career as a lawyer, as leading officer of the Crown, and as Chief Justice, caused his retirement to be a retirement with the greatest confidence. His possession for twenty years of a seat in Parliament, during which time he had much to do with the framing of our Canadian laws, and with the adaptation of the laws of the Mother country to the wants of the Province, gave him a great and decided advantage. His numerous judgments, spread through many volumes of our law reports, are clear and well argued. Though not an eloquent speaker, he was possessed of a great flow of language, and the power of placing his arguments in the plainest and most forcible light. He is remembered by those who had to contend with him as a formidable antagonist, though his kindness and dignity very seldom allowed him anywhere to be led into embittered personal contentions.

Sir John B. Robinson was married in England, in 1826, to Emma, daughter of Charles Walker, Esq., by whom he had eight children. The eldest, James Lutkin, a barrister of this city, succeeds to the baronetcy; his second son, John Beverley, is a lawyer and member for the west division of Toronto; his third son, Christopher, is also a barrister; his fourth son, Charles, is a lieutenant in the Fifth Brigade. One daughter was married to an army captain, Colonel Leffroy, of the Royal Engineers; another, since dead—to Hon. G. W. Allan, M. L. C.; a third to Captain Strachan, and a fourth is unmarried. Lady Robinson still survives him.—Globe.

#### Sketch of the Life of the Rev. Duncan McNab.

The name of Duncan McNab is justly entitled to a place on the list of Canadian Baptist worthies. He was one of those who, as they pass through time, make their mark, and such a mark as even death's fell stroke cannot remove. "The memory of the just is blessed." A few brief memorial notes of the life of this good man may not be without profit. Duncan McNab was born in Killin, a parish in the Highland District of Breadalbane, Scotland, in the year 1775. He was early devoted to the mother care, she having died when he was about nine years of age. It was, however, his privilege to have continued to him the parental care of his father, Alexander McNab, who was a God-fearing man. No minute details of his conversion have been retained; but he was instrumentally "the great change" appears to have resulted from the labors of some of the early Congregational Ministers of Scotland. In many parts of the land the form of Godliness had been retained, while there was utter destitution of the power. At the end of the last and beginning of the present century it pleased God to raise up a number of faithful evangelical preachers, who were greatly blessed in their efforts, and through whom many of the dark places became enlightened with the glorious gospel. At Killin, a Congregational Church came into existence as the result of the labors of some of these preachers; and to this church, when about twenty-five years of age, Duncan McNab became united in the year 1800. He and some other young men having manifested a strong desire to preach the gospel, the Rev. Mr. Farquharson, then pastor of the church and afterwards minister at Halifax, Nova Scotia, encouraged them—met with them weekly to direct their studies, prescribed exercises in scripture exposition, and gave them such instructions as were fitted to prepare them for usefulness as preachers. During the years in which these instructions continued the young men preached at stations in the surrounding country. Some of these young preachers died early after running a useful course. In the year 1804, Duncan McNab, this early training including theory and practice, did not prove fruitless. Through a long lifetime he labored as God gave him opportunity, in proclaiming the gospel of Christ. During part of the time of his connection with the Congregationalists he served in the office of Deacon.

In the year 1809, being in a delicate state of health, he visited Gair-Lochhead for the benefit of sea air and bathing. Here he became acquainted with a Baptist preacher named Daniel McArthur, who afterwards emigrated to the United States. Through his communications with D. McArthur and study of the Scriptures, he was led to adopt the views of the Baptists as to the mode and subjects of Christian Baptism, and was immersed in the Gair-Loch.

In the year 1818, he, with his affectionate wife, who proved through many years an holy mate, sharing with him in his privations and trials for Christ's sake, and a family of three children, emigrated to Canada. Having located in the township of Beckwith, he there found a few Christian friends like-minded. No Baptist Church then existed in Beckwith; but the few Baptists met with him for worship. During his residence in Beckwith he took long journeys on foot that he might preach Christ to the new settlers in various parts of the surrounding country. It may be safely concluded that but for these voluntary labors many would have been left without the hearing of the message of eternal life. In the year 1833 he was led to dispose of his property, and remove to the Township of North Emsley. Here he continued to labor diligently, as he had before done, in preaching the gospel. Many were baptized by him, and the Baptist church at Smith's Falls, of which the Rev. John Stewart is now pastor, was formed through his untiring ministry. For a few years past, feebleness of body rendered him incapable of performing the duties of the pastorate, and of such active service in promoting the gospel as he had steadily rendered through a long course of years. His desire to serve and honor Christ knew no abatement.

On Tuesday, Nov. 11th, he seemed weaker than usual, and signs were manifested of the approach of death. In the course of the day he was heard to groan, and his reply to the enquiry as to the cause was, "I am wearying." On being enquired by his wife of the promise, "He that shall come will come and will not tarry," he replied, "The sooner the better." Being asked if he had anything to say before he left, he said, "Not much; I put my hope in God when I was young, and my hope is in him to-day." The last utterance that could be gathered

ed, "my hope is firm, founded on a sure foundation." On Wednesday morning, Nov. 12th, at three o'clock, he fell asleep in Jesus. On Friday following, he was interred in the new cemetery, Smith's Falls. Many were gathered to the closing scene. Rev. John Stewart, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

An aged saint has passed away, And gone to dwell in endless day; Where heavenly light surround the throne, Where radiance has forever shone.

He loved God's house and service here, And Jesus was a name most dear, He long has loved the sinner's friend, And Jesus kept him to the end.

And when at length death came to say, The heart its beating now must stay, A radiant smile came o'er his face, Which left in death its only trace.

In passing through the gloomy vale, No ruffles on his countenance, No ruffles on his countenance, For the chief shepherd then was near, With soothing voice to banish fear.

And heavenly Canaan stood in view, Where songs of praise are ever new; The blood-washed throng he also saw, Who love in heaven God's holy law.

Thus calmly slept the child of God, Who long had walked the narrow road; Asleep in Jesus, oh, how sweet, All such in heaven shall Jesus meet.

Asleep in Jesus, far from thee, Thy kindred and their graves may be; But thine is still a blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep.

A man named Robert Coulter was arrested in Detroit, on Saturday last, by the U. S. Marshal, who is charged with having committed a murder in Toronto. A large reward was offered for his apprehension by parties in Toronto, and, having heard of his whereabouts, a despatch was sent to Port Huron to have him arrested, and on Saturday a man came to the city from that place and caused his arrest. It is said that he is guilty of two or three murders, but has hitherto escaped the penalty he justly deserves. He is now confined in the House of Correction, where he will remain until evidence can be procured from Toronto, when he will be handed over to the Canadian authorities for trial.

A juvenile contraband who recently escaped from a "massa" down in "ole Virginia," has been giving the Evening Post editors an exhibit of his peculiar powers. He can whistle two tunes at once, whistling an air correctly and at the same time maintaining a soft bass. There is no motion of the lips, and no artificial aid in doing this. The little fellow also plays the violin and imitates various fowls, and dances and sings plantation songs with a great vigor. He is an amusing and lively specimen of the juvenile contraband, and rejoices in the name of "Sawney."

It would be a rash thing to predict that gold has reached its highest value at New York; yet a few months ago it would have been deemed a greater piece of rashness to have predicted that gold would so soon have reached the price at which it is now held. On Monday it touched 158½, and had previously been at 159½, close upon 60 per cent premium. It has been constantly rising, with occasional fluctuations, ever since the prospect was rendered certain that fresh Treasury notes would be issued by the government; and it is in the immense scale on which Treasury notes are issued that tends to their great and rapid depreciation.

A saw-mill belonging to Madame Veure T. Broder, at St. Hugues, was destroyed by fire on Sunday last. There was no insurance on the premises. The loss is estimated at 2,000 dollars. The manner in which the fire originated is unknown.

A tavern kept by a man named Merrick on Six Mile Creek, Lincoln county, was destroyed by fire on Friday. The furniture and \$120 in money were burned.

## The Herald

CARLETON PLACE.

Wednesday, February 11, 1863.

A considerable fuss is at present going on in some of the papers in reference to a protest from the Indians of the Manitoulin Islands against the treaty lately made by some of the chiefs with Mr. McDougall, the commissioner of Crown Lands agreeing to surrender the islands to the government within twelve months, on certain conditions. It is said that the islands referred to, contain more than half a million of acres adapted to cultivation and that the location is fitted for commercial and agricultural purposes.

The islands were originally intended for the settlement of all the red men in the Province, but as is well known, the different tribes are everywhere scattered about. It was but natural that an endeavor should be made to colonize and people such a vast extent of profitable and productive territory but we understand Mr. McDougall was anxious to make a fair bargain with the possessors, and act by them honestly and conscientiously. The terms of the surrender were made peculiarly favourable. They were to get about 250 acres to each family, besides the proceeds of the sale of all other lands on the island, less the expense of their management. All the chiefs of the Roman Catholic Indians, on the main body of the island, as well as the Protestant Chiefs, freely, and of their own accord, after holding council among themselves, are said to have signed the treaty. The only parties resisting were the Waquamong Indians, and it is stated they refused at the immediate dictation of their priest. Under the direction of the Chief Commissioner, the island has been surveyed, and laid out into townships for immediate settlement. We do not know what effect the appeal of the Indians address to the cession of the island will have, but we have no doubt the Governor General will see that justice is done on the premises. The main things to be secured now with reference to the Indians, are to protect them from the liquor-sellers; to dispose of their lands to the best advantage; to administer their affairs with the least possible cost to Indian funds, and, above all, to give them permanent and inalienable titles to their lands.

### St. Valentine's Day

"All Valentines are not foolish," says Charles Lamb, and who is there that will not admit that even a "little nonsense now and then, is relaxed by the wisest men." Before our next issue shall have reached our readers, St. Valentine's day shall have come and passed with all the days that have passed before. In many parts of the country it will be one of much enjoyment to the youth of both sexes. And, indeed, who is there who does not like to receive a good Valentine. Not all the "Spirits knockings," and other knockings in life, exceed in interest a knock at the door. It gives a very echo to the throne where hope is seated. But its issues seldom answer to the oracle within. It is so very seldom, just the person we wanted to see comes. But of all the visitations the one that ushers in a valentine is not, usually, the least welcome. We have always thought that the tramp of the post boy, as he came to the door on this day, was light, airy, confident—that even the sound of his rap was bettling one that brought good tidings. Our blessing on St. Valentine—the patron of a day fraught with so many heart flutterings and heart enjoyments.

By some ecclesiastical writers, St. Valentine is called a bishop, but, according to others, he was only a presbyter, which latter is probably most correct. The legend runs, that he was beheaded at Rome during the reign of the emperor Claudius II, and was early canonized. Whether he was really a bishop or only a presbyter we need not stop to enquire, since (history speaks of him as a good, pious man, distinguished so particularly for his love and charity, that the custom of choosing valentines, or especial loving friends, on his day, February 14, is generally supposed to have originated.

In our own "green and salad" days we have sent and received many valentines, and we can recall, with a heavy sigh for the past, feelings then untouched by the world's rough hand, that were roused by the sight of a pink or blue edged envelope containing a sheet of paper ornamented with embossed cupids, hearts, darts and all proper devices, bearing perhaps but a few appropriate lines. Great is often the puzzling to discover who is the author of the precious epistle, and happy is the swain who can discover, or thinks he can prove, some pet valentine to have come from the hand of some favorite friend or companion. Who amongst our grown up community of readers—men and women—can notice our many little boys and girls, furtively dropping some tender missives into the letter box, without being carried back in thought to days, when, to themselves, valentines were events, and the day itself, was a red letter one?

Do we really grow wiser as we grow older? Are the prices of manhood dearer, when woe, than the little triumphs of youth? Believe it who will. At any rate there are many thousands in our country who keep up St. Valentine's day with a spirit, and most cheerfully subscribe to the notion of the poet Herrick—

Oh! have I heard both youths and maidens say,  
Birds choose their mates, and couple too,  
this day.

The bill authorizing the President to enrol 150,000 colored soldiers has passed the House of Representatives, after a most strenuous opposition, by 30 majority. If this bill is actively carried out by Mr. Lincoln, which there is no reason to doubt, the refastening of the chains of the slave will be impossible under any circumstances.

The Government, we hear, have decided to take action on the proposition by the English company, to construct a road and a telegraph line, and to carry the mails to the Pacific, on receiving a certain amount of assistance from the Canadian and Imperial Governments. The yearly payment to be made by our Government on behalf of Canada will be, as we are formed, \$40,000.

The news from Charleston is of a most exciting character. Two Confederate gunboats, by a sudden and vigorous attack, succeeded, a day or two ago, in dispersing the whole Federal fleet, sinking two of the gunboats and disabling a third. As might be expected, this great victory has caused the intense joy to the Southern people, and there can be little doubt but that it will have a great moral effect, alike in the North and throughout Europe.

What has become of our respected cotons—the Express of Almonte, and the Observer of Pembroke. We have not received either of them often than twice a month since the winter commenced. We hope that neither the hard times nor the cold weather will be allowed to chill their energies; and that on the opening of spring, which a few more weeks will bring round, they will feel able to send us a regular exchange. We would rather not receive a paper at all, than to have it coming so irregularly.

The New York Post says that Florida is now unoccupied. It is in fact deserted by its inhabitants to a greater degree than most people would believe. Not only have the white men been marched away, but the blacks have run away. Before the war there were seventy thousand slaves in the State. If we may trust the representations of those who are well acquainted with Florida, it would now number twenty thousand. The cane-fields and cotton plantations are left without attendance, and vast fertile tracts, on which the rude cultivation of the country had made a beginning, now lie neglected. Of the slaves, some must lurk in the wilderness of the peninsula, the business of hunting them having been forsaken for that of shooting the Yamacos; but the greater part is estimated, have gone to the English West India Islands. At seasons when the weather is calm, seagoing has often passed in open boats from the Florida shore to the Windward Islands.

The emancipation policy of President Lincoln, as issued in his proclamation some months ago, does not appear to produce the results which were anticipated. Its effects during the first month of its promulgation are certainly very meagre, and must be a disappointment to very many who were led to hope great things from the proclamation. It has served to confirm the title to the well-earned freedom of a few escaped negroes from the insurrectionary States; but it has not resulted so far in any great injury to the South. It has proved a political bone of contention amongst Americans, and has done much to make a divided North. While it has called forth no fresh volunteers, it has done much to make a divided North. While it has called forth no fresh volunteers, it has done much to make a divided North. While it has called forth no fresh volunteers, it has done much to make a divided North.

Feb. 4th, 1863.

### Prospects of War between France and the U. States.

The French Emperor is showing his hand both as respects Mexico and the United States. He is gradually assuming an attitude of hostility towards the Washington Government; and it is now shown on the indisputable evidence of published despatches, that Louis Napoleon has been constantly making efforts for a cessation of the war between North and South; and, failing in this by peaceable negotiations, he is preparing for more vigorous arguments. A war with France, or a concession to French interests and influence, are the alternatives presented to the United States. French intervention in all its dreaded reality is now the question with which the Northern Government has to deal. Will it yield to pressure or will it stubbornly resist? Will the war be suffered to terminate, or will the advisers of President Lincoln refuse to avail themselves of the opportunity of bringing peace to their country at the expense of a divided Union, and they are vastly important.

To the Editor of the C. P. Herald.

SIR—At this season of the year the bosom of the Chats Lake presents a brilliant picture—an immense glittering field of ice—nothing better can be imagined for a trotting match; and away over its broad expanse, as far as the eye can reach, may be seen specks in every direction, being teams either with leading for the upper regions or return teams going back to the old settlement for another load—cutters, double, pleasure-sleighs, with silver-mounted harness, and horses whose delicacy and spirit showed that they were sprigs of the aristocracy of the horse world—Pedlars, with every description of wares from the Smith's Falls Traction Machines and Straw Cutter to the most modern patent Cooking-stove, from the grim looking man who vends frozen fresh fish, cheese and dried apples to the Chicago corn agent, whose *bon mots* has set the Upper Ottawa into one universal grin; but when this short description is done nothing further can be said. The banks of the Lake exhibit only snow-covered farms, with good houses here and there scattered along, while the faint white streaks of smoke, as they shoot straight away up into the intense blue atmosphere, bring to the mind of the chilled traveller on the frozen lake visions of a roaring maple fry, rashers of bacon, bowls of twinkling New Year's buns in stacks, and domestic circles happy in the possession of robust health and independence—every house a castle, and every man a sovereign over the little world in which all his hopes and aspirations are centered. I cannot picture out a happier person than the Canadian farmer, even with the Ottawa River climate, after he has conquered the difficulties and obstacles which invariably meet him on his first settling down in the forest, and the County of Renfrew exhibits hundreds of instances where the now prosperous and happy individual drank the bitter cup of want and poverty, in Europe, for many long years, until even their belief in an all-ruling Providence was shaken under the trial. But enough of moralizing. My team lands me at "Ferra's Landing"—rather celebrated as the point at which emigrants from Europe take the Opeongo Road. It is now kept by his son-in-law, "Ned" has retired from "public life" as a hotel keeper, but is renewing his youth in his "hermitage," and as for vivacity the thermometer of life will be low indeed when "Edward's" wit ceases to flash—near "Ferra's" lives the well-known Elliot Johnston, Lumber Merchant. The Opeongo Road winds away up through the township of Horton, until within a mile and a half, or perhaps more, from the high table land that looms heavily on the North bank of the River Bonnechere, when the eye is suddenly arrested by a bird's-eye-view of the village of Renfrew away in the distance, rejoicing in a heterogeneous mass of buildings, and as I pause on the crest of a knoll, the sweet tone of a church bell, chastened and softened by distance, falls plaintively and mournfully on the ear, bringing trooping to my memory, as with trumpet call, dormant recollections of fifteen years, faces of relatives feminine and masculine, that are now low land in the sod. Ah, where are the companions that mingled in the frolics of those past times?—dead!—gone! left the country! and a few risen in wealth and importance, while some have "broken-up in the race of life." The place wears a different look—it outlines have become foreign, and strangers are thrusting aside the early pioneers. Had it been Summer I would have taken a lay down among the white clover and wild strawberry plants on the knoll, and with a Havana dreamt myself into the past with a perfect zest, and perhaps the retrospection and introspection would have had a beneficial effect; but now there was no Summer's evening breeze rising from the boisterous river's bed—no swiftness of Summer birds to smother my ear with some of nature's best notes, and lastly, and most imperatively, a snapping Western wind exasperating over the dominions of King Frost had made a decided tendency to cut short my recollections of times that had past and of persons who had strayed their brief hour on life's stage and passed away.

From the point at which we outline a full view of the village of Renfrew, a person might suppose he would be there "right away"; but down you go into a hollow, and

then describe a semi-circle on the calm of the hill, then up a gentle rise, then describe topographically the letter S, then down into a ravine, then up a hill, then describe a corkscrew, then once more into the woods, now another glimpse of Renfrew decidedly further off apparently, then the rush of falling waters, a precipice, down at your feet a small plain, with the river twisting its way through among the trees, and the rest in my next.

This momentous state of the relationship between the two countries we learn from the letter of "Americus," the well-known correspondent at Paris of the New York 'Commercial Advertiser.' The 'Advertiser' is not a "sensational" newspaper of the American class, and its correspondent at Paris is by no means a "sensational" correspondent. The New York 'Commercial Advertiser' is a steady journal of established reputation; and it accepts the letter of its well-tried correspondent with reason as a veritable statement of fact. The letter is so important that we feel warranted in giving its main contents the fullest prominence. It is as follows:—

"Paris, January 16.—From the best information we can get here, the French Government is gradually floating into an attitude of hostility to the Government of the United States. This situation takes its origin in two facts—the conviction at which the Emperor and all his Cabinet have at length arrived, that the separation of the States is final, and the want of cotton.

"You will perceive by the published diplomatic correspondence the efforts which have been constantly made by the French government to induce the American government to make peace with the South, sometimes basing the recommendation on federal successes and sometimes on federal defeats, and finally within the last few weeks, how the French Foreign Secretary seems to be trying to fix upon Mr. Seward a quarrel on the question of cotton.

"All this is accompanied in the organs of the French Government with arguments going to show that no one nation has a right to make all the others suffer by its acts, without at least sharing a part of the sacrifice required to alleviate these sufferings; that since all Europe recognizes the war against the South to be hopeless, the justice of enforcing this general principle on the United States becomes most apparent, and that Europe has the right, therefore, to force the blockade to the extent of getting out cotton enough to keep their poor from starving.

"The French Government has arrived, therefore, at the determination of demanding of the American government the right to enter one or more of the blockaded ports of the South, to buy directly from the Confederate government a stipulated amount of cotton, which cotton the French government will engage itself not to pay for, in articles contraband of war. If the government of the United States will not accept this proposition, the Emperor will ask the Legislative bodies to authorize him to take the cotton by force of arms.

"This is the programme, I understand, at present, and the sooner the people of the United States are prepared for it the better. The French do not fear either our naval or land forces; and the late battle of Fredericksburg, while convincing them of the inability of our efforts, has also served to persuade them that we are feeble in war, both politically and militarily, and they calculate that in making a war to obtain cotton for their starving poor they will be sustained by all Europe. The moral support of England has already been secured, and there is nothing to fear from any other source. They have been led to believe, too, that the Democratic party in the North, that is to say, a majority of the people, will accept the end of the war even at the hands of France, and thus France will only offer the Republican party in America, while gaining the friendship of the whole people of the South and of a majority of those of the North.

"Paris the French government is full of friendly expressions to the American ministers, but as the English say of the French, they are always the most polite when about to strike. There is a notable difference however, between politeness and perfidy, and the communications between the French Foreign Secretary and Mr. Mercier at Washington will give you a better estimate of the sentiments of the French government than the communications here."

### Happy Women.

A happy woman! is not she the very sparkle and sunshine of life? A woman who is happy because she can't help it—who smiles even the coldest sprinkling of misfortune cannot dampen. Men make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty or for talent or for style, the sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being contented under any and every circumstance. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference; the bright little fountain of joy bubbles up just as musically in their hearts. Do they live in a log-cabin—the firelight that leaps up on its humble hearth becomes brighter than the gilded chandeliers in an Aladdin palace! Do they eat brown bread and drink cold water from the well? it affords them more solid satisfaction than the millionaire's *pate de foie gras* and *iced-champagne*. Nothing ever goes wrong with them—no trouble is too serious for them to "make the best of it." Was ever stream of calamity so dark and deep that the sunlight of a happy face, falling across its turbid tide, would not wake an answering gleam! Why, then, joyous-tempered people don't know half the good they do. No matter how cross and savage you feel, Mr. Grumbler—no matter if your brain is packed full of meditations on "afflicting dispensations," and your stomach with medicines, pills, and tonics, just set one of these cheery little women talking to you, and we are not afraid to draw anything she can cure you. The long drawn lines about the mouth will relax—the cloud of settled gloom will vanish, nobody knows when, and the first you know, you'll be laughing—yes, positively laughing! Why? That is another thing; we can no more tell why than we can tell why you smile involuntarily to listen to the first blue-bird of the season, among the maple blossoms, or to meet a knot of yellow eyed dandelions in the crack of a city paving stone. We only know that it is so.

REPORTER.

Oh, these happy women! how often their slender shoulders bears the weight of burdens that would smite man to the ground; how often their little hands guide the ponderous machinery of life with an almost invisible touch! how we look forward, through the weary day, to their fringed smiles! how often their cheerful eyes see *couleur de rose* where we only behold thunder-charged clouds! No one knows—no one ever will know, until the day of judgment, how much we owe to these helpful, hopeful, uncomplaining women!

The Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Southern States have issued a pastoral letter to the clergy and laity respecting the war. It is written in an excellent spirit. We gather from it that no change has been made in the prayer-book, except where the change in the government has rendered it necessary. Three words alone have been altered. The passage touching the slaves is of special interest.

"The time has come when the Church should press more urgently than she has hitherto done upon her laity, the solemn fact that the slaves of the south are not merely so much property, but are a sacred trust committed to us as a people, to be prepared for the work which God may have for them to do in the future."

They urge that both the clergy and the laity should engage in ministrations for their improvement, and look for the happiest results. They set it forth as a duty to press upon the masters their obligations as Christian men not to interfere with the marriage relation and the other family relations of the slave, and not to separate parents and children. They add:—

"We rejoice to be enabled to say that the public sentiment is rapidly becoming sound upon this subject, and that the Legislatures of several of the Confederate States have already taken steps toward this consummation. Hitherto we have been hindered by the pressure of abolitionism; now that we have thrown off from us that hateful and infidel pestilence, we should prove to the world that we are faithful to our trust, and the Church should lead the host of the Lord in this work of justice and mercy."

The Providence *Journal* commenting on the above, says:—"We are at a loss to understand how 'abolitionism' can have prevented the worthy men from doing what they acknowledge to be a sacred duty, and what must have been just as much a duty before secession as since. But the north will not be disturbed by this outburst. She has long been accustomed to be held responsible for all the evils she did herself and for all the sins of the south beside. There are plenty of men here now, who reason just as absurdly as these reversed bishops do, and charge on the north the blame for the rebellion. But, for all that, we are very glad to hear that the bishops have concluded that it is proper to pay some regard to those sacred relations which God has established."

The last sensation in Paris is a man who has a perfect genius for making and fitting women's dresses. He is called the Poitevin of the Petticoat. He not only makes the ladies' dresses, but he puts the dresses on the ladies. Sometimes as many as fifty carriages are in front of the door at the same time, the feminine owners being up stairs having their dresses put on as a dress should be put on. For cutting a dress he charges \$10; for dressing a lady he charges \$10; for fitting her for a dinner \$10; and \$25 for a party—at least, so says the Boston Post.

LAKAR ORANGE COUNTY MEETING.—The Orange County Meeting was held in the Orange Hall, Franktown, on Tuesday the 3rd inst. The various lodges throughout the County were fully represented.

The following Officers were elected:—Thomas Cairns, Esq., Perth Examiner, re-elected County Master for the fourth time in succession. Mr. Wm. McDonald, Deputy County Master.

Mr. Joseph Jamieson, re-elected Secretary. Mr. Wm. Greville, re-elected Treasurer. Mr. Meikin, Grand Director of Ceremonies. W. O. Buel, Esq., County Chaplain.

It was decided that the next County Meeting take place at Perth, and that the 12th of July Proclamation be held at Smith's Falls.

It is reported that Brig. Gen. Davies has been ordered under arrest for his misconduct in ordering the guns at New Madrid and Island No. 10 to be spiked, when there was in reality no danger of an attack from the rebels.

### North Riding, Lanark Agricultural Meeting.

North Riding Lanark, 21st Jan. 1863. The annual meeting of the North Riding of Lanark agricultural society was this day held in the Town Hall Ramsay, J. Menzies Esq., President in the chair. The minutes of last year's proceedings and the Report of the Directors were read. The Treasurer's account was submitted, the Auditors examined and audited the same, and certified its correctness. Mr. A. Cochran motioned, seconded by Mr. P. Naismith, That the Report of the Directors be adopted and signed by the President. Carried.

The Secy. read a communication from the Board of Agriculture, reminding the society to nominate four Gentlemen as members of the Board of Agriculture. Also from James Fleming & Co. Toronto, and R. Garvey, Ottawa, offering to supply the Society with seeds. The Reports of the Township of Pakenham and Lanark Societies were laid before the meeting.

Moved by Mr. John Nelson, seconded by Mr. John Baird. That the thanks of this society are due, and are hereby tendered to the President and Directors, for the able and efficient manner in which the affairs of the society have been managed during the past year. Carried.

J. Menzies Esq., re-elected President. John Baird Esq., 1st Vice President. A. Wilson Esq., 2nd Vice President. David Campbell Esq., Treasurer. The following gentlemen were duly elected Directors. Messrs. Wm. R. Sutherland, Joseph McCroary, Eneas Tomack, William Young, Lawrence Naismith, Wm. Wilkie, and John Nelson.

Messrs. James Hart, and Robert McFarlane were appointed honorary Directors. Messrs. James Stewart, J. Patterson and John Steel, are appointed auditors for the current year.

The following gentlemen were nominated as members of the Board of Agriculture, viz.—Asa A. Burnham Esq., Cobourg, Hon. David Christie, Brampton, Wm. Ferguson Esq., Kingston and Dr. Richmond, Gananoque.

DAVID CAMPBELL, Secy. & Treasurer.

The London Times says—"The trade in petroleum continues to increase with extraordinary rapidity, and promises to become of so much profit and importance to the country as to render it essential that the commercial public should not allow the business in it to be restricted by vague alarms of danger attending its storage. The Minister of the Interior of Belgium has declared this oil is not to be considered as one of the articles of inflammable merchandise which must be treated as essentially dangerous."

We hear that two more blowing oil wells were struck in Enniskillen on Saturday last, James Henderson, a gardener, of Galt, was frozen to death on Tuesday night within a few days of his own door.

The Memphis Enquirer notices the appearance of early strawberries in that city. M. Tessier, the Commissioner of Public Works, was hunting in Enniskillen last week. Such proceedings are disreputable. Ex-Governor Morgan has been elected United States Senator for the State of New York in place of Senator King, whose time expires.

A mill at St. Hugues, L. C., owned by Mr. Broder, was burned on Sunday night last. The property was valued at \$2,000, and is uninsured.

The leading New York hotels have put up the price of board to three dollars a day. The proprietors declare that even at this extravagant rate their profits will be much less than in ordinary times of a valid currency.

The two years during which British subjects are permitted to enter the Anglo-Chinese service, under Captain Sherard Osborne, is by an order in Council, to be dated from the 16th inst., instead of 1st December last.

The Hon. John A. Macdonald was entertained in London by the English Directors of the Trust and Loan Company. Col. Bourcier, M. P., being in the chair; and very eulogistic speeches as his favor were made during the evening.

FIRE AT RICHMOND HILL.—A fire broke out in an unoccupied tenement on Richmond Hill, owned by Mr. Richardson, Yorkville, and situated opposite Mr. McBeath's carriage shop. The house, which fortunately was isolated from any other, was consumed by the devouring elements in a short time. Mr. Joseph Keller's house, adjoining, was in some danger, the fence having caught fire in several places, but, with the help of Mr. Dickson's garden engine, was saved.—York Herald.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT TO THE HON. M. B. PORTMAN.—The London Free Press is sorry to learn that the Hon. M. B. Portman, whilst hunting with the Blackmore Vale Hounds, on Wednesday, 7th January, met with a severe accident, owing to his horse falling backwards with him as a fence. The hon. gentleman was conveyed in a carriage to Brinton, the seat of Lord Digby, when at first sight the injured did not appear to be very seriously hurt, but on his removal, four days afterwards, to Brinton, it was discovered that the collar-bone was dislocated, and the fragments of the right arm severely injured. We are sorry to say that his medical attendants think that he will not have the use of his arm for many weeks, if not permanently.



